BOZART and Contemporary Verse

Combining JAPM *and The Oracle*

Founded by ERNEST HARTSOCK

JANUARY-FEBRUARY, 1932

OGLETHORPE UNIVERSITY, GEORGIA

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LET ME REMEMBER TO GIVE THANKS

Now before my tired eyes
Close up the volumes of the skies,
  Let me remember I must give
  Thanks because I move and live.

I, shorter-lived than any tree,
Can stand and feel eternity
  Wheel about me in the far,
  Lonely orbit of a star,
Feel my sire, ancient sun,
His tender, loving fingers run
  Through my hair in pity vast
  For the offspring he has cast
From his hot loins to grow cold,
Wise and tender, meek and old.
  I, who am a dying spark
  Floating in the mighty dark,
Can know the beauty of my fire
And teach another to desire
  To unite with me and blend
  Our radiance before we end.
I, cousin of the firefly,
Knowing I shall surely die,
  Dare to be a creature greater
  Than my magnificent creator,
Dare to love, which is more sweet
Than the sweetness of white heat,
  Dare to pity and believe
  That the sun, my sire, can grieve
  For his children who must pass
With him and flowers of the grass.

—Robert P. Tristram Coffin

WE ARE THE FOOLS WHO DOUBT

We are the fools who doubt the sun has hands
  And doubt the moon has fingers in our fate,
We have turned to men for our commands
  And shut the stars and gods outside our gate.

And we go on our way below a chase
  Where swift gods lean and yearn upon their prey,
Ten billion godly arrows out of space
  Fall barbed upon us every mortal day.

Arrows of hate and love, of light and dark,
  Minutely small and vast with death and life;
The sun has taken the husband for its mark,
  The moon unfolds the seed within the wife.

Across a trillion miles the arrows sweep
  From stars beyond the cast of nets of time,
To make these women smile, those women weep,
  To guide these morning-glories in their climb.

Night and day, the immortal arrows rain;
  They sow life at the bottom of the sea;
We call on hills and mountains all in vain
  To hide us from the shafts of deity.

—Robert P. Tristram Coffin

PERSONAL

Here in my poems, I have begun
My protest against oblivion;
For out of my poems rise unfurled
My personal argument with the world:
I wage a feud in bitter strife
That death is not the meaning of life:
Whatever I write, my lines must be
My quarrel with mortality!

(Perhaps it is only the heart can guess
Why shifting shapes with glory are lit:
Is matter a spring-board for loveliness
To launch itself in the Infinite?)

In snatching away from skinflint Time
A moment of wonder in a rhyme,
I ransom from the shows of sense
The permanent from impermanence.
(From beauty that's spooled on this turning globe,
My soul will weave it a radiant robe.)
In pinioning beauty to endure,
Inscribe my personal signature;
Beauty alone can instruct me how
To make the past forever now!

—Louis Ginsberg

BLACK HUNT

A bell alarms,
And mob-men leap,
Their eyes red-sharp
In slitted seams.

Like fierce she-apes
That troup and band,
Their younglings strained
Against their paps.

Mob-men chafe
Their terrible hurts
With muttered hates
That growl like surf.

And grim White-fear,
A sometime ghost,
Is a great white beast
At each black door.

Two black men weave
Through swamp and cane,
The hounds are keen,
The mob-men rave.

A shrill bob-cat
Disturbs the bog.
The buzzards sag
With dead hog rot.

And ignorant oafs
With poisoned spleens
Will crush men's bones
To mark their griefs.

And each black rogue
Will gulp and grunt.
And each red throat
Will spit a tongue.

The bloodhounds pant
On sunken creeks
In the soft mud banks
Are nigger feet.

And bloodhounds trail
Two blacks that shriek,
Two blacks that shake,
And while they kneel

The mad mob steps
To the hangman's oaks,
And bull black necks
Jerk at their ropes.

—JOHN LEE HIGGINS

SOLAR HYMN

Slowly under the ground the seed shudders, and from it riven
Aspires to the invisible sun the yielding, indomitable plant.
Silently in the womb the beast-shaped man-to-be reaches
Toward the sun, the sun. From shadow-cold alleys the scant
Faded children of need to whom only need has been given
Stream like spawning fish to the sun that soaks the strewn beaches.
Life is the sun's.

O fire of life, priestless, unfathomable god!
Grotesquely worshipped, celebrated without understanding!
Only power of our accidental planet, you ask no prayer,
Curse no blasphemer; you have ordained no commanding
Laws from your vapory mountains; by callous nod
Drowned no creation: you, god, are no betrayer.
You are the sun.

Crucible and catalyst, every seed is your child,
Every quickening of the egg and of the sperm-invaded womb.
On shores and fields your children lie warm under your glory;
In cities built to hide you they creep to you from their tomb.
Men dream myths and fashion legends; but men are beguiled:
Every story of gods, of heaven and of hell, is your story.

You, sun, are god.

—MIRIAM ALLEN DE FORD

NEVER AGAIN THE SKY

The wounded mallard fell quite near
Me on the grass. With mounting fear

I leaned above the ooze of red
That wet its bosom as it spread.

My heart beat missed; the dying thing
Had bravely tried to lift a wing.

It was so bitterly unfair
That pain could hold it tethered there

When it had known the rain and sun,
Had challenged life and almost won.

I listened for the earth to cry
This flame of beauty shall not die.

—VIRGINIA SPATES

REPLICA

All day from Paris in the dusty train
I marveled at his Homer-head, his brow
Cut deep by thought and rigor of the will,
The sensitive curve of lips, their chiseled lines
Of strength and gentleness—a poignant face
To keep with rare and unforgotten things.

Next day at Arignon in startled awe
I saw that massive head, that self-same face
Carven upon a tomb, the effigy
Of an Archbishop many centuries dead.
The charm and power of the living man
Thrilling the marble, very flesh made stone.

Twin spirits sired by a single star.
What matters time? Life knows no near nor far.

—GERTRUDE HUNTINGTON MCGIFFERT

AS WE RODE BY

As we rode by savannahs swept
  In undulating green away
To where an uncoiled river slept
  Under the dazzling of the day.

As we rode by against the sky
  Tall palms stood up like granite plinths,
And herds of cattle wandered nigh
  Cropping the water-hyacinths.

As we rode by wild-iris bloom
  Showed beauty azurine and cool,
And we beheld a shadowy plume
  Reduplicate in every pool.

As we rode by white orchid snoods
  Swayed softly underneath the pines,
Like calm and coiffured sisterhoods
  Within some cloister's dim confines.

The air breathed fragrant offerings,
  And there arose to greet the eye
A snowy cloud of heron wings
  Against the sun as we rode by.

—CLINTON SCOLLARD

HEARTBREAK

Not poppy nor valerian,
Nor fluted laurel
Flowers shall ease,
Nor snowy coral.

Healing is nowhere,
The hurt too deep;
Neither wind nor water
Shall bring you sleep.

Neither wind nor water,
Nor slow-curled flame,
But a low voice crying
An intimate name.

PHYLLIS B. MORDEN

AUTUMNAL

Ours is no vivid flush of summers dying—
The brightening of a glory that is brief—
No aftermath which crowds beyond denying
A summer's sunshine in each ripening leaf,
A summer's sunsets in each elm or oak;
Such fevers are not theirs whose slow existence
Seems but a pointing-in of threads that broke;
To see these they must hold them at a distance.

For ours, unlike the maples and their kin,
Is not one hectic season edged with frost.
With life's first April does life's fall begin;
Dream after dream grows golden and is lost
Until we too are like those trees gone dry,
Whose limbs look more like roots against the sky.

—ISRAEL NEWMAN

THE JOURNEY

When I was young,
I had the rule for reaching heaven.
I've lost the rule,
And also lost the way.

Thinking I should like to see
My uncle and my grandmother
Who have been a long time in heaven,
I said to a stranger:
"Can you show me the proper way, please?"

Whereupon he jibed me:
"Officially, the road is closed, madam."
While he was speaking,
A cabman, with "Oblivion" on his cap
And a windy signal in his teeth,
Marched up and said:
"Ticket, please."

—AUDRED ARNOLD

THE LIGHTHOUSE

Here, lost forever in the foam
Ensnared and blinded by the sky,
The lighthouse stood and was a home
No living woman should profit by.

Upon the monstrous cliff it hung,
A Cyclop's eye, a weather-beaten
Barracks against the storms that sung,
A house too water-eaten

For any woman to endure.
A place perhaps for tired ease,
But bounded by so small a shore,
There was no place for growing trees.

By the imperishable wave,
It nestled on its rock crag,
And like a sleeper in a grave,
She heard the endless summers lag.

And if at last when he had gone
Out in the dory, was it strange
The tide that she was looking on
Promised a respite and a change?

Ebbing it did not flow alone,
It carried with it out to sea
The flotsam of a spirit, prone
To leave behind mortality.

A blue calm was upon the spume,
The gulls looked down on summer dying;
Somewhere a ship went down to doom,
But with her tired banners flying.

—Harold Vinal

LECTURE TO A MAGNOLIA TREE

Foam-cap of beauty on a wave of spring
  That breaks on winter's dark and stubborn shore,
  Would you persuade our hearts to bow before
Your wonder, and forget truth's bitter sting?
Like some brave anthem that young choir boys sing,
  Or imaged saints that pious folk adore,
  You offer us that beauty we deplore,
The sophistry of righteous everything.

Life's crushing ugliness is not denied
  By one spring morning's perfumed somnolence,
Nor by the knowledge that one mad Jew died
  A hideous death upon a hardier tree.
  Your sweet persuasion is impertinence!
We bow to beauty. Truth is—fallacy.

JOSEPH UPPER

I PALM THE UNIVERSE

In my trembling hand I palm the universe!
(A poem and the breath of Blake combined
Into great syllables great hearts defined
As martyrs rising from their Eden's curse.)
And held I less, or held I more, I'd be
No deeper benefit to what I am,
Whose ultimate heart must crowd the diaphragm
Since I have also held another Me.

No ritual or spirit of unknown
Disturbs the potent bundle in my hand.
Now I have carved my fingers on it, shut
Its power and its secret hard in stone.
Awakened tomorrow, shall I understand
The sealing of the kernel in the nut!

—ALBERT EDWARD CLEMENTS

THE LOST

So she went away. It was just at six
When she took the road to the busy shore;
Twilight was falling among the leaves,
And the watch-tower mast by her father's door
Had faded into the sky. They say
That she went lightly and smilingly.
An old man met her upon the way,
But his eyes were dim with the salt of the sea;
He passed a maid on the road to the shore
But he could not be certain that it was she.
No man saw her any more.

Her father sits in his open door
Mending his nets as he used to do;
Her mother moves between table and hearth;
But hands are heavy and steps are slow,
And eyes look long and wistfully
On the white-shelled garden where someone played,
When she was a flipperty little maid,
Dancing about in her calico.
Down on the wharves where the sailors go,
Some still dream through the length of a glass,
Of the face and step of a shadowy lass
With lips like the coral rock that lies
Below the wave, and sea-weed eyes
And sunset hair and a cheek like foam,
Who came to the wharve-side long ago.
The glasses clink and the smoke hangs low.
What of the fellow who met her there,
Swarthy and tall with coal black hair,
And dangling rings of gold in his ear?
He'd a pirate's sash and a knife at his waist,
And a tattooed mermaid across his chest,
With coral lips and sea-weed eyes,
And sunset hair and a cheek like foam....

"Is there any here who saw them go?"

But no one rises and none replies.
The glasses are filled. The smoke drifts low.

—Maire nic Pilip

LOVE

(From the Shelley Fragment)

Though we have been exultant to the dream
  Of day awakening from darkness dying
To burst in splendor for our own esteem—
  The sun the brighter for our glorifying—
And then perceived quick night come down to lie
  Like death upon the hills, do never fear
For love which is not born, which does not die,
  As we poor souls are born to die, My Dear.

Wealth and dominion fade into the mass
  Of the great sea of human right and wrong,
When once from our possession they must pass;
  But love, though misdirected, is among
The things which are immortal, and surpass
All that frail stuff which will be—or which was.

—Carl John Bostelmann

IMAGINARY SITUATION

When Trojan Helen closed her perilous eyes,
And laid her light limbs down, God sighed, "Ah well—
Give her admission into Paradise;
She would be sadly out of place, in Hell."

Curious, His failure to foresee the day
When all of Heaven would tingle to the story
Of how that shameless ghost had led astray
The comeliest Seraph in the Realms of Glory.

—Sara Henderson Hay

PAGAN INTERLUDE

I

As primitive as those within the first
Wild garden who grew wiser as they ate
The fruit forbidden them, we cool our thirst
Here in the quiet wood. More fortunate
Than they, we are not driven forth by a sword
Of flame; but our punishment is this:
A flame within us still unquenched; a horde
Of dormant specters waked with every kiss.

And yet our flesh was not created like
These unresponsive stones. Let us defy
The gods who fashioned Man, to strike
Us down as meteors condemned to die,
While thus we dare the utmost citadels
Of passion, unafraid of latent hells.

II

Above your shoulder, I looked up and saw
A patch of sky the color of your eyes,
Then closed my own for fear you might withdraw
Your tenderness, or speak in harsher guise,
Some word to wreck a moment grown too sweet
For words . . . I shall recall this day of ours
In lone and hungry years, or incomplete;
Remembering these scarlet-throated flowers.
I shall be grateful for the words unsaid,
The pledge unmade and therefore never broken;
Rejoicing that we were gay-spirited
And asked of Love, the orthodox, no token,
But took her pagan sister's offering
To find it void of any hidden sting.

—Louise Crenshaw Ray

WITH SEVEN TROYS

With seven Troys our worlds are overlaid
Till none can find
How the stream ran where now a street is made
Across his mind—
See down to the first dawn-figure, "break of day,"
"The sun is gold,"
"The sun is risen and riding on his way;"
"Night was a'cold"—

Say, as they said the first years, that "the sky is blue"
Or "the winds moan"
Or "my love cometh" or "he was brave and true
And he is gone"—
None can speak now as all spoke in those days
When words were free,
And the simple naming them could be a praise
And poetry.

—Harriett Brownell

A PORTRAIT

Old Amos Deane was fully six feet tall
And angular, with brow cut deep by years
Of study and of toil. His luminous,
White hair softened each feature of his face
And made his mouth seem more than two straight lines.
His nose was thin and long; his eyes were dark,
Shaded by bushy brows, and when he spoke
There flashed forth sparks tawny as fireflies.
His words were sharp as ragged tin, and yet,
The man was kind, large-hearted, swift to aid
A soul in need.

He hated useless talk
Whose subtle slant would always end in smut.
And often I have seen him stop coarse tongues,
That trafficked, vulture-like, in unclean things,
With just a look, or an ironic word.
Or quickly check dark tales when he would say:
"The dog that brings a bone will take one back."
And he was right. For they who carry tales
Too often prove to be the parents of them,
While the continued telling makes each tale
Seem true.

How gossip sagged at his approach;
Voices dropped to a whisper and died out
At his rebuff, till men soon learned to take
Their racy yarns to markets where ears leaned
Toward risqué tales.

So often have I seen
Old Amos enter buildings where men lounged
And buzzed, bee-like, about a recent bit
Of sugared-scandal, false or true. A look,
A word, and tongues of gossipers would find
Their gossip lose its citron-honied tang,
And voices, one by one, grow hushed until
The air was clean again.

Long gone the way
Of earth—God rest his soul!—his influence yet
Is visible to those who knew the man.
For even now, when some lewd joke goes round,
There suddenly will come a quiet moment,
And men recall Old Amos' voice and hear
Again his old familiar, cutting words:
"The dog that brings a bone will take one back!"

—John Richard Moreland

UNCALENDARED

I have no need for calendars,
  I measure time no more—
The last day fell on that you went
  Out through a dark door.

Since then I have not wound a clock,
  Or turned a leaf to see
When any festal day will fall—
  No days revisit me.

—Irene Wilde

THE FUGITIVE

Weary of days that offered nothing new
Beyond fresh strain and toil and smarting blows,
He sighed, "I'll find at last a long repose!";
And, grimly laughing, drank a poison brew.
Awakening where the sunset heavens threw
A pale red light on fields of fawn and rose,
He noticed weirdly how, at daylight's close,
Undreampt of vistas widened on his view.

Over a phantom-swarming land he sped,
Lost as a child; till he had harkened one
Of gray-winged presence: "What of tasks undone?
Come, still pursue the struggle that you fled!"—
There was no more of rest among the dead
Than for the laboring hordes beneath the sun.

—Stanton A. Coblentz

OLD AGE

Upon your head, from youth's illusions free,
  I see
  A frost;
To me,
  The color lost
  Is gain; the lines embossed
Declare what is to be.
Old age is twilight, when you count the cost—
  This you have always known,
  "That one shall reap what one has sown."

—Mary Cameron Cobb

CITY

O slim white wonder over desperate days,
Almighty burst of unthought sepulchres—
Among their noisy roots no brain that stirs
Can match a dream against this fane that flays
The miles of sky. This towered ardor weighs
Against the infinite and blue; it blurs
The mighty marchings of astronomers
As no philosophy of self-mad praise.

Here is no Troy or gallant Lyonnesse
To cluster dreams about its misty peaks;
The empty cities of the dead are dead.
It is no dreaming that these shafts express;
These are the spoils of a blind race that seeks
In steel to carve a spirit that has fled.

—Gerald Raftery

SPRING FESTIVAL

That festal Sunday when we woke at morn
  Bells broke from the cathedral-mist of stone;
  The sky was primrose-yellow as if strown
With visible melody. In lovely scorn
Bevies of blackbirds from the barns of corn
  Rose with the bells, fell with the bells, in tone,
  As though with lyric madness fired, and blown
Through orchestrated worlds of joy new-born.
We sank once more through chasms of colour to sleep;
  Blackbirds and bells waned softly down the shell
Of hearing, hued with memories of spring-weather.
  Like a sea-spirit wandering in the deep
Of dreams, a muffled music haunted: "Both were well—
  To wake to love, or die in love together."

—Geoffrey Johnson

PRAYER BEFORE FIRST DAY OF HUNTING

Before the morning shatters the dark
In the silent forest glade—
  O God, Guardian of life!
Warn the innocent deer to hark
The coming of hounds with bay and bark,
  And be afraid.

Rear a hedge where he turned and went
In one clean-bounding curve—
O God, Guardian of life!
Trace a brooklet to hide the scent,
Confuse the hunter with cross intent
And faltering nerve.

Shake the shoulder with steady aim
Before the trigger be drawn—
O God, Guardian of life!
Deflect the bullet, and deftly maim
The hurried shot at the fancied game.
Oh, cover the fawn.

And when the dark has swallowed the day,
And the night comes clear and cool—
O God, Guardian of life!
May failure be the hunter's pay
And the wondering deer be left to stay
And drink at the pool.

—Katherine B. Swift

TO SELF

Well Self, so you are all alone again!
These men that come and go upon two legs
So like, though bringing prayer or eggs,
These only serve to punctuate the pain,
To take and drop the hand, grimace, complain
How rushed they are, and on animated pegs
Fling out lest you discover only dregs
And counterfeited comfort stall from strain.

Learn this generic truth and be content:
Each soul must face its own Gethsemane,
Each one must climb his Mount of Olivet,
To each and every one of us is lent
A fighting strength, an open sesame—
To use this strength is to discharge the debt.

—Arthur Truman Merrill

PASTURE ON PARNASSUS

By Robert Leseur Jones

Mead and Mangel-Wurzel, by Grace Stone Coates (The Caxton Printers, Ltd., Caldwell, Idaho).

The dust-cover of *Mead and Mangel-Wurzel* characterizes the book with the somewhat inept and inappropriate asseveration that it is "as breath-taking as a big game hunt in Montana Mountains." Such an inaccurate appraisal tends not only to provincialize, but also to esoterize, a book about which there is something universal and nothing especially local. Grace Stone Coates has gathered into this volume lyrics that are saliently personal and, for the most part, fundamentally strong. In these poems, the reader feels persistently the confidence of a woman who is able to solve the enigmas concomitant with the intricate feminine spirit. The poems had their inception in a well-disciplined artist, one who is actuated by strong poetic enthusiasm and who possesses adequate technical cognizance. Unfortunately, there is a sameness of subject matter in the author's work that may prove surfeiting; but this criticism cannot displace the fact that some of the poems are embossed examples of good craftsmanship. "Fruit," catching Mrs. Coates in one of her frequent moods of impetuosity, is a striking poem both technically and spiritually:

She pared her fruit with a silver knife
  And nibbled its slices thin,
But I bit greedily into life
  Till the sharp juice stung my chin.

One little fact she never knew
  For a moment I had forgotten:
How the small white worm goes through and through
  The place where the heart is rotten.

My serviette furiously I threw
  And tossed the core to the nappy,
Its crumbling bitterness on my tongue—
  While she sat still and happy!

But I saw her quiet face go white
  As out of its calm I fled;
And knew as I wallowed into the night
  That both of us were dead.

Somewhat of a conservative rebel in attitude, with the rare ability to come to decisions, the author is a unique and interesting poet. Her crisp, bitter diction, not dissimilar to that of Joseph Auslander in his early work; her originality and perspicacity, and a philosophy that arrives at something definite, give Mrs. Coates an ample place under the sun.

Hymn to Chaos, by Harold Vinal (Stephen Daye Press, Brattleboro, Vt.).

As there is in the music of Tchaikovsky, there is in the poetry of Harold Vinal an ubiquitous somberness mixed with occasional ironical humor. There is a certain hermitish wassail inevitably climaxed by a strange, proud sorrow, and spiritual perplexity, in *Hymn to Chaos,* a volume in which is represented some of the author's finest work. A skilled technician and a thorough workman, Vinal is remarkable in this day of too many conventional and similar poets, in that his work is peculiarly his own. His style of subtle metaphor and his individual manner of expressing a great deal through description do not invite easy encroachment or imitation. His experience as editor of *Voices,* as indeed will the experience of any conscientious editor, result in tangible benefit in the direction of careful craftsmanship and restrained emotion. One can approve of many of Vinal's brief poems too enthusiastically; it is in the longer poems that he is most effective and in which beauty of diction is most apparent. "Silver Interval," "Vise," and "Dark Ultimatum" are the outstanding compositions in the volume, the first possessing singular charm and verbal felicity.

Fruit of the Tree, by Jessie St. John (Stephen Daye Press, Brattleboro, Vt.).

In these forty-one poems which constitute *Fruit of the Tree,* Jessie St. John has achieved remarkable consistency and coherency of vision, in addition to so paradoxical an attainment as sturdy fragility. Her sonnets dealing with autumn and certain of her other poems reveal a poet who is destined to considerable individual distinction. The author combines a fine mastery of technique with frosty and poignant diction and restrained but emphatic feeling. Seldom does she use more than a minimum of words, and only occasionally is she guilty of triviality. "Fear" and "Do You Remember?" are excellent poems, although her best work is probably represented in "Sonnets for Autumn," from which the first is reprinted:

> Always at autumn when the frost achieves
> Its blackened harvest, and the wind has flung
> Across the hill a thousand ruined leaves,
> And winter is a sharp taste on the tongue,

I think how trees that wore the summer bough,
And lived with song and momentary wing
Lay by their Aprils, since they cannot now
Have back the bright and perishable thing.

Oh wisdom, that is given to the tree,
There hidden far below, deep in the root—
Deep in the flowing sap, remember me
That with the fall must watch the dropping fruit,
Pruning the branch and binding it with care,
Thinking ahead to frost that will be there.

A Manthology, edited by Robert Haven Schauffler (Dodd, Mead & Co., New York).

Because of their appalling number, anthologies long ago ceased to excite us, no matter what their alleged objectives may have been. In *A Manthology*, the title of which is not very attractive, we have a collection of poems somewhat out of the ordinary primarily because the editor has exercised good judgment in his selections. The book is perhaps all that it pretends to be—a compilation of poems that appeals to the masculine taste. In writing a singularly brief and uninvolved foreword, which does not toil to justify the volume, the editor has acted with discretion. It is probably remarkable that out of the one hundred and thirty-six contributors only two are women; this fact is at least startling. One is not surprised to find in the volume such anthologized poems as "Sea Fever," "Gunga Din," "Drake's Drum," "Lochinvar," and a hundred other old and new "favorites." In reality, *A Manthology* will be read by almost as many women as men.

Patteran, by Edith Tatum (Banner Press, Emory University, Ga.).

The poems of Edith Tatum, an Alabama poet, have the virtues of sincerity and delicate lyrical expression, although they hardly possess great vision. The author, enamored of colors, flowers, and Lochinvars, is too much concerned with elaborate description to give her work the finish it deserves. One has the impression that her adjectives are entirely too numerous. There is a certain mellow pungency about the poems which is pleasing, and there are some lyrics of individual merit. Occasional verses appear to suffer from hasty composition. Edith Tatum's work would benefit were she to add wormwood to the materials used in the construction of her poems, and were she to be more economical in the use of fatigued feminine adjectives.

Contributors to this Issue

Robert P. Tristram Coffin, of New York, is a poet of increasing importance. Louis Ginsberg lives in Paterson, N. J. John Lee Higgins is a Washington, D. C., poet. Miriam Allen de Ford writes from San Francisco. Virginia Spates resides at Sherman, Texas. Gertrude Huntington McGiffert is a New York poet. Clinton Scollard is wintering in Florida. Phyllis B. Morden's home is in Portland, Ore. Israel Newman lives in Augusta, Me. Audred Arnold resides at Corvallis, Ore. Harold Vinal has just brought out *Hymn to Chaos*, a new book of poems. Joseph Upper is another Washington, D. C., poet. Albert Edward Clements lives in Hudson, N. Y. Maire nic Pilip's home is in Brooklyn, N. Y. Carl John Bostelmann is a New Jersey poet. Sara Henderson Hay lives in Anniston, Ala. Louise Crenshaw Ray is another Alabama poet. Harriett Brownell is a resident of Saratoga Springs, N. Y. John Richard Moreland, a frequent contributor, lives in Virginia. Irene Wilde resides in Los Angeles, California. Stanton A. Coblentz is a New Yorker. Mary Cameron Cobb is a Missouri poet. Gerald Raftery lives in New Jersey. Geoffrey Johnson resides in England. Katherine B. Swift is a resident of Rochester, N. Y. Arthur Truman Merrill lives in Glendale, California.

Cora Smith Gould Memorial Award

"In the memory of Ernest Hartsock, donated by Cora Smith Gould—a $25 prize for the best poem in each issue of *Bozart and Contemporary Verse*." The Cora Smith Gould Memorial Award is hereby made to John Lee Higgins for "Dialogue," which appeared in the November-December number.